

should tell the truth respecting him. Of course it may prove advisable, and indeed justice itself may require, that one should be kind to his virtues and a little blind to his faults, for the former may be many and exemplary, and the latter few and unimportant; but if one were to ignore the last completely a very erroneous impression would be conveyed, the *sitppressio veri* being equivalent to the *suygestio falsi*. Nevertheless in this present age, when so many agree to shun the truth because it offends the superfine delicacy of their degenerate natures, one is constantly confronted by so-called biographies of eminent men, and notable women also, in which a variety of facts are suppressed, the world at large being taught to look at these people through deceptive glasses which show them perfect, whereas, in reality, their flaws were often great. At times, indeed, one is invited to contemplate such beings as can never have existed, and though the falsity of the picture may merely irritate the scholar, it utterly misleads the uninitiated, tending to absolutely erroneous conceptions and adding yet another lie to the many on which present-day society is based.

In the case of Zola, he was such an impassioned servant of truth that to conceal the truth concerning him, to paint him in false colours, would be doing him a wrong. Besides, he never claimed that he was perfect, he knew

that he was
very human* Further, the facts which must
now be men-
tioned were written about more or less
accurately, but openly,
in several Parisian newspapers at the time
of his death;
the present writer also had occasion to
refer to them in
a newspaper article; and some American
journals likewise
gave them currency* Thus the omission of all
mention of
them here would be as ridiculous as
misleading. At the